

*The history*

*Hell.* Commend me to your neece.

*Pand.* I will sweet Queene.

*Sound a retreat*

*Par.* I heere come from the field: let vs, to Priames Hall  
To greete the warriors. Sweet *Hellen* I must woe you,  
To helpe vn-arme our *Hector*: his stubborne bucles  
With this your white enchaunting fingers touch;  
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,  
Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall do more  
Then all the Hand-Kinges, disarme great *Hector*.

*Hell.* Twil make vs proud to be his seruant *Paris*?  
Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duty,  
Giues vs more palme in beauty then we haue.  
Yea ouershines our selfe.

*Par.* Sweet about thought I loue her? *Exeunt.*

*Enter. Pandarus Troilus, man.*

*Pand.* How now wher's thy maister, at my Cousin *Cressida*?

*Man.* No sir staves for you to conduct him thither.

*Pand.* O heere he comes: how now, how now?

*Troy.* Sirra walke off.

*Pand.* Haue you seene my Cousine?

*Troy.* No *Pandarus*, I stalke about her dore  
Like to a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes  
Staying for waiteage, O be thou my Charon,  
And giue me swift transportance to these fieldes,  
VWhere I may wallow in the lilly beds  
Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle *Pandar*,  
From *Cupids* shoulder plucke his painted wings,  
And flye with me to *Cressid*.

*Pand.* VValk heere ith' Orchard, Ile bring her straight.

*Troy.* I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,  
Thy imaginary relish is so sweete,  
That it inchaunts my sence: what will it be  
When that the watry pallats taste indeed  
Loues thrice repured Nectar? Death I feare me  
Sounding distraction, or some ioy to syne,  
To subtil, potent, tun'd to sharp in sweetnesse  
For the capacity of my ruder powers;  
I feare it much, and I doe feare besides.

*That*

*of Troilus and Cresseida.*

That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes  
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes  
The enemy flying.

*Pand.* Shees making her ready, sheele come straight, you  
must be witty now, she does so blush, and fetches her wind so  
short as if shee were fraid with a spirite: Ile fetch her: it is the  
prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath as short as a new tane  
sparrow.

*Troy.* Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome,  
My heart beats thicker then a feaurous pulse,  
And all my powers do their bestowing loose  
Like vassalage at vnwares encountring  
the eye of maiesty. *Enter pandar and Cressid.*

*Pand.* Come, come, what need you blush?  
Shames a babie; heere shee is now, sweare the othes now to  
her that you haue sworne to me: what are you gone againe,  
you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? come  
your waies come your waies, and you draw backward wee  
put you ith' filles: why doe you not speake to her. Come  
draw this curtaine, and lets see your picture; alas the day?  
how loath you are to offend day light; and t were darke youd  
close sooner: so so, rub on and kisse the mistresse; how now  
a kisse in fee-farme: build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweet.  
Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The faul-  
con, as the tercell: for all the ducks ith' riuer: go too, go too.  
*Troy.* You haue bereft me of all wordes Lady.

*Pand.* Words pay no debts; giue her deeds: but sheele be-  
reave you ath' deeds too if she call your actiuitie in question:  
what billing again: heeres in witnesse whereof the parties in-  
terchangeably. Come in come in Ile go get a fire?

*Cres.* Will you walke in my Lord?

*Troy.* O *Cressid* how often haue I wisht me thus.

*Cres.* Wisht my Lord? the gods graunt? O my Lord?

*Troy.* What should they graunt? what makes this pretty ab-  
ruption: what to curious dreg espies my sweete lady in the  
fountaine of our loue?

*Cres.* More dregs then water if my teares haue eyes.

*Troy.* Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see truly.

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*Cres. blinde*